

Left Spellbound

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Left Spellbound

by [lumosatnight](#)

Summary

“It’s my first time,” he says. “I’m a little nervous.”

Notes

Ending 2023 with a bang(ing)! Thanks to anyone reading this. You are awesome and amazing and have exceptional taste in fic 😊. I hope you have a fantastic 2024 (or later) and may all your fanfic wishes come true ✨💖

Written for [HP Deflower December](#) 2023 Week 3: Teenage Dream and Day 5: Spellbound. Also written for [HP Snooze Fest](#) 2023: One Night Stand.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)



“It’s my first time,” he says. “I’m a little nervous.”

“It’s my first time. Don’t go easy on me.”

Severus takes the boy’s hand — because he can’t be much older than a boy, still so young, still unaware of the ugly old monsters lurking in darkened club corners — and guides it to his waistband. He presses down and watches with intimate pleasure as the boy blushes at the indecency of their position. The boy kneeling on the ground as Severus’s scarred hand guides them both.

“You want this?”

The boy nods, and Severus presses his hand harder.

“Then I will take care of you. This will be pleasurable for us both.”

He moves the boy’s hand lower, under the waistband of his trousers, over the coarse fabric of his pants. He likes the tease, the fragile moment of anticipation, hovering on the precipice before everything falls apart.

“Take them off,” he commands, lifting his arms up and away.

The boy obeys, sliding down Severus’s trousers and pants and letting his cock spring free, already red and aching with the anticipation of what is to come.

“Have you ever sucked a man?”

“Yes, but never like this. Never with you.”

“No,” says the boy and has the cheekiness to grin up at him.

“I will guide you,” says Severus. “Open your mouth.”

The boy complies — his pink lips part. And then, Severus is engulfed in heat. He takes the boy by the hair. Black, unruly hair. So familiar to the touch that Severus immediately banishes the thought from his mind.

“Slowly,” he says, guiding the boy’s head. “Gently. Cover your teeth.”

He waits a minute to let them both adjust, then he slides deeper, inch by excruciating inch. The boy's mouth is hot, wet, unskilled, yet utterly perfect. He gives a shallow thrust just to feel the boy's tongue scrape across his glands. It's enough to have him trembling. He strokes his fingers over the boy's head, curls them at the back of his neck where the hairs grow shorter, more coarse but just as black.

"Can you take more?"

The boy looks up at him. His eyes are amber, flecks of gold scattered throughout, the same shade as —

He blinks and gives a small nod. Severus pushes deeper. The boy tenses but doesn't struggle as Severus feeds him his cock. A slow slide of heat and barely restrained desperation.

"Good, very good."

The boy hums, vibrations travelling up Severus's cock and through his bollocks. Goose pimples erupt on his thighs, and Severus tightens his hold.

It's soon. Too soon. He is no longer a young man, feverish with desire, and yet his body reacts just the same. Traitorous body, that. Wrinkled and lined, his hair thinning and grey. He is nothing compared to the boy at his feet. Even back then, he was nothing.

"Stand up," he says. "Turn around. Get on the bed."

The boy wobbles, and Severus sets his hands on his narrow hips, guiding them into place. Hands, knees, smooth skin, the give of plush muscle.

Severus kneels behind the boy, circles his rim with a lube-slick finger. Circling and circling in a maddening rhythm but never entering. The boy arches his back. His arse gets closer, pushing the tip of Severus's finger inside. Severus hisses and slides the rest of the digit in. He quickly joins it with another, pressing and spreading.

The boy is whimpering and keening, arse rocking to the rhythm of Severus's fingers.

Severus rests his free hand on the boy's upper back and pushes down. It's perfect. He's perfect. Body arched beneath him, slick hole stretching so beautifully.

He could take the boy right now. Mount him. Mark him. Claim him. Fuck and rut and stroke until the boy cries his release, dizzy with it. And he will, eventually. But before that, he wants to savour it.

This boy is special. He doesn't know what it is. It's been a long time since he's felt this pull, like gravity itself has re-centred around this boy. As soon as Severus spotted him at a Muggle club, awkward and alone, he knew he had to have him. It left Severus spellbound with the intensity of his lust. A couple of coaxing words, a suggestive hand trailing under an untucked shirt, and the boy was following him to a hotel room.

"How does it feel? Are you ready for more?"

"Nnnh," says the boy into the pillow.

Severus adds another finger, slowly thrusting, and the boy moans, low and long. Severus removes his fingers, strokes his cock instead, coating it nice and thorough.

He lines up the tip but doesn't push inside.

"Beg for it."

"Severus, Severus, please."

"Please," the boy wails plaintively. His hands clench the bedsheets. A bead of sweat trails down his back, and Severus leans over to catch it with his tongue. Salty and sweet, he leaves a trail down the boy's back, tendons flexing beneath his touch.

He slides inside.

The boy keens, and Severus is lost. He grips tightly as pleasure floods through him, a spark of heat starting in his cock, through his limbs, heating his aching muscles, pumping through his blood. Then spreading outward until it's fizzling — simmering — burning under his skin. He closes his eyes as the feeling overtakes him. His hands shake as he rests them on the boy's hips.

It feels like the first time.

"Please," says a small voice below him, prompting Severus into action. His hips snap forward, forceful, uncontrolled, causing the boy to let out a sharp gasp. It is the sweetest sound he has ever heard.

His moan comes out as a hiss. The boy's grip on his cock is so tight it's painful.

It's all a blur after that — a collection of thrusts and grunts, Severus's cock sinking into the boy's wet heat, the boy clinging to the bed as tears stain his cheeks. The boy comes spectacularly, his body going limp and pliant, his moans turning syrupy and sweet. Severus continues thrusting into him, their bodies slapping together with the force.

He's almost there... just a few more strokes...

A face appears in his mind's eye.

"James."

The boy stiffens, the lines of his body going taught, but Severus is too far gone to care. He thrusts once more then spills inside, his chest convulsing as he pushes past the urge to collapse boneless and smother the boy with his weight. He pulls out slowly, wincing as cool air brushes his softening cock. The boy remains rigid, gingerly sitting on the bed and curling an arm protectively around himself. It takes Severus too long to notice the boy's discomfort. The post-orgasm bliss has made him hazy.

"You said my name."

"That's not my name."

Severus looks up sharply, takes in the state of the boy. The bright eyes hiding behind a fringe of black curls. Tan muscles and circular glasses sitting on the bedside table.

“You know who I am?”

“Do you even know who I am? Who you’re fucking right now?”

“My apologies,” replies Severus curtly. “It was a slip of the tongue.”

The boy squints at him. His eyelashes are black and full, still glinting with tears. Severus gets the inexplicable urge to capture one and store it in a glass vial like a memory.

“Who was James to you?”

“You were in love with him, weren’t you?”

Severus shudders, his Occlumency shields slamming down. He has not thought about that name in many many years. He has not thought about that touch in many more.

The boy — James — shifts on the bed, hand reaching out and latching onto Severus’s cold wrist. “It’s okay. We don’t have to talk about it.” He gives a comforting squeeze. “Well, then. You’ve fucked me, so now what?”

Severus is surprised by his bluntness, although he supposes he shouldn’t be. That was always a part of it — part of *him*. He clears his throat and straightens his shoulders. “I will take care of the room. You are free to rest here until morning.”

James scowls, and it’s such a familiar expression that Severus freezes, his shields shuddering against the weight of suppressed memories.

“Are you not staying with me?” His grip tightens on Severus’s wrist, as if unable to let go.

“I should think that inadvisable.”

“Why?”

There are a million reasons why he should leave. Severus knows them all, has counted them all before.

“Why not stay?”

There is only one reason to stay here with the boy — in these dirtied sheets, their scents mixed in this sparse hotel room, their hands tangled as James rests his head on Severus’s chest as they fall asleep.

Because he wants to. He wants this boy with every drip of magic he has left. His heart sings with it.

“Alright, I’ll stay.”

End Notes

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